

Wm. R. Kirkpatrick
Joolmine Rd. Toronto

TO
MADAME CELESTE KELTIE.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought

Sacred Song

WORDS BY

PHOEBE CAREY

MUSIC BY

R. S. AMBROSE.

Transcription.
60.

Song.
35.

Quartette. 8^{va}
15.

A. & S. NORDHEIMER.
(OTTAWA), (LONDON), (TORONTO), (HAMILTON), (MONTREAL)

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
15,388
11/6/64
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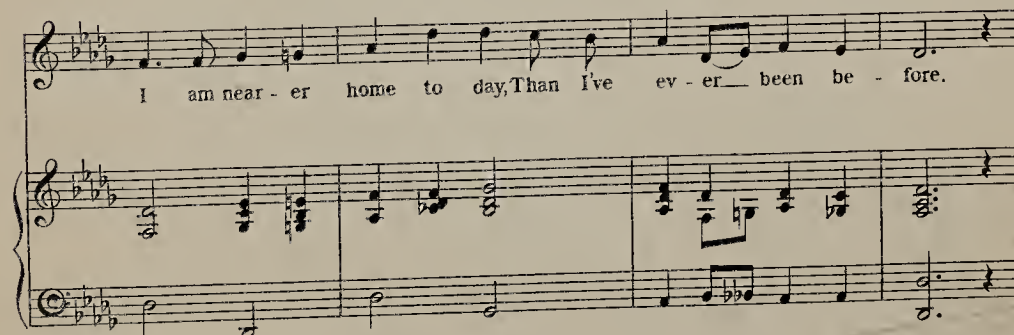
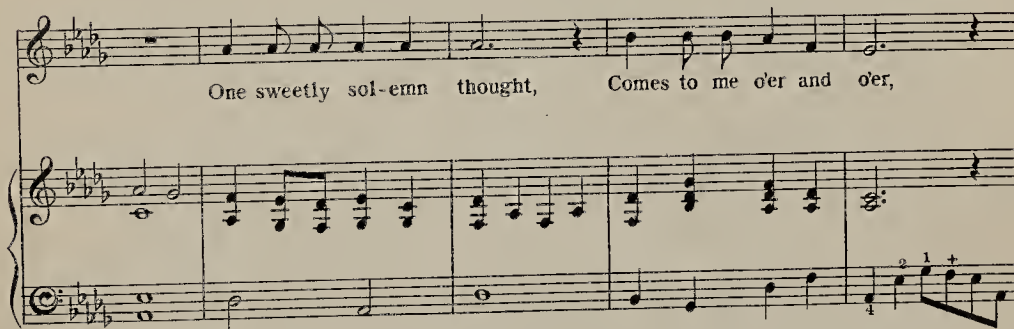
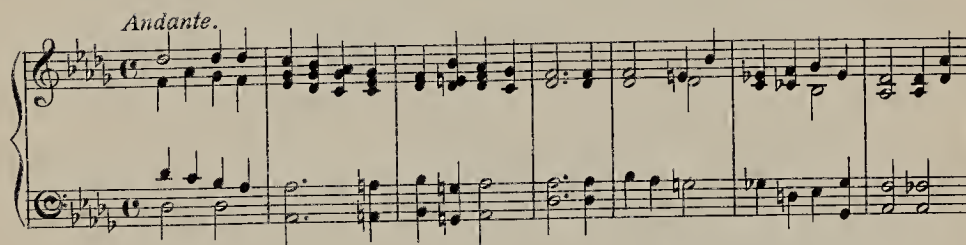
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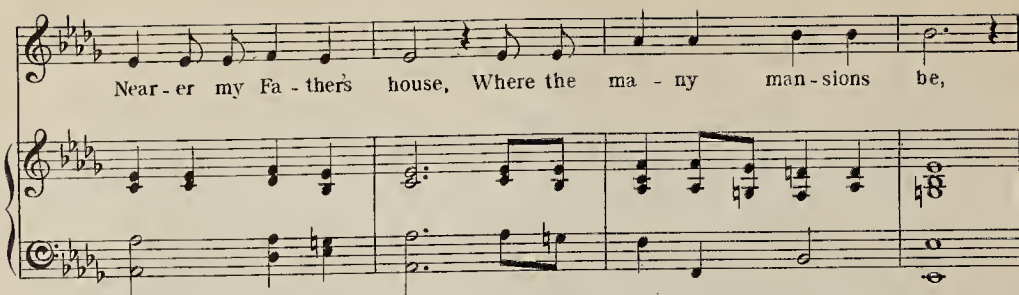
ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

Phoebe Carey.

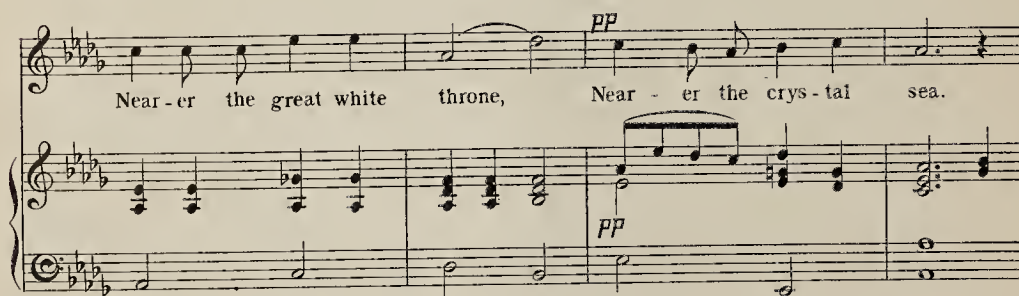
R. S. Ambrose.



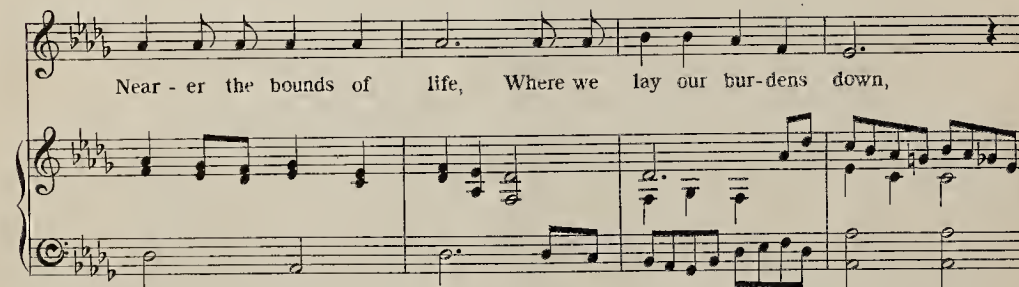
Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where the ma - ny man - sions be,



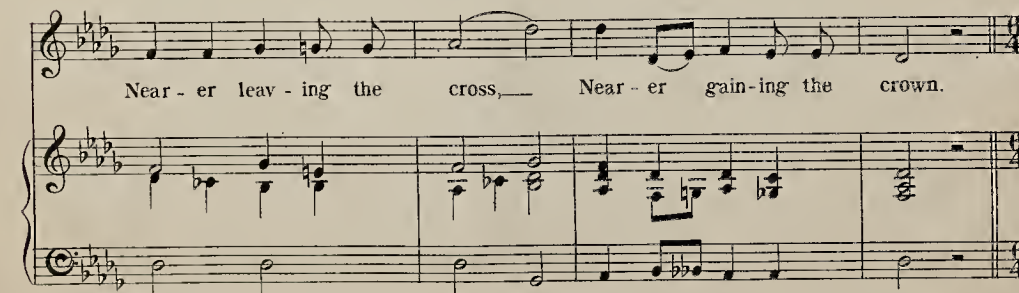
Near - er the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.



Near - er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down,



Near - er leav - ing the cross, — Near - er gain - ing the crown.



But ly-ing darkly be - tween, — Wind-ing a-down thro' the night,

lento
Is the si - lent, un-known stream, That leads at last, to the Light.
cresc. molto *rall. e pp*

Fa-ther be near when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink, For it
f

may be I am near - er home, Near - er now than I think.

